



POISON IVY



BIG TOP



ROSCOE



MICKEY FINN



SWING SISSON

FEATURE

COMICS

AUGUST

THE DOLL MAN
ventures into
**The Land Of
MIDGET MEN!**



BLIMPY



PERRY



LA LA PALOOZA



RUSTY RYAN

No. 101

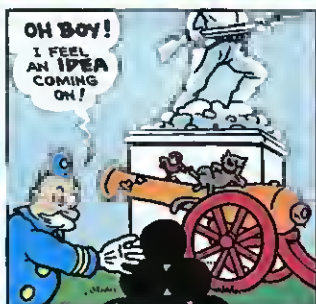


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FEATURE COMICS

The DOLL MAN

In a strange, wild land,
a whole nation of tiny
savages pit their fierce
barbarity against the
keen brain and dynamic
brawn of The Mighty
Mite, The DOLL MAN!



At the country house of a famous explorer...

WHAT FASCINATES ME PARTICULARLY IS THAT THIS MAP SHOWS PLACE NAMES WHICH DO NOT APPEAR IN THE MOST DETAILED ATLASES! THEY ARE NAMES WHICH HAVE THE SOUND OF AN UNKNOWN LANGUAGE!



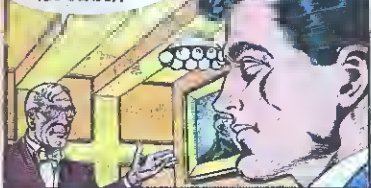
ON MY EXPEDITION INTO THE SWAMP COUNTRY SURROUNDING THIS SEEMINGLY MORE HABITABLE AREA, I SAW DEFINITE SIGNS OF HUMAN LIFE IN THE VICINITY!

SUCH AS...?



WELL, DARREL, THERE WERE TINY SPEARS AND LITTLE BOWS AND ARROWS! THEY DIDN'T LOOK LARGE ENOUGH TO BE OF ANY USE TO GROWN MEN... BUT, FOR THAT MATTER, THEY WERE TOO SMALL FOR CHILDREN'S TOYS...AND TOO DEADLY!

H'MMM!



DO YOU THINK IT'S TRUE THAT THIS INNER AREA CONTAINS HUGE PLATINUM DEPOSITS AS SHOWN ON THIS MAP?

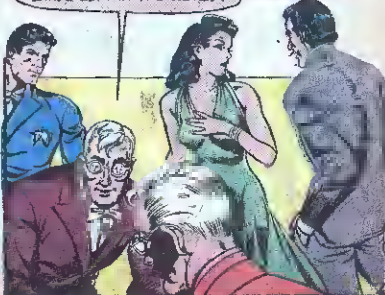
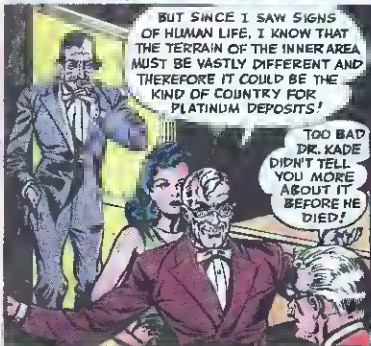
YES! YOU SEE, DR. ROBERTS, WHEN I MADE MY EXPEDITION TO SIRATUBA TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, WE HAD NO WAY OF REACHING THIS INNER AREA THROUGH THE AWFUL SWAMP!

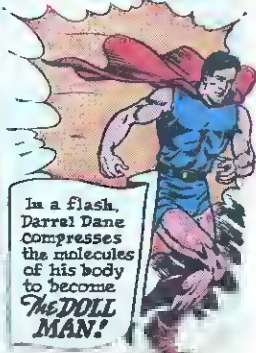
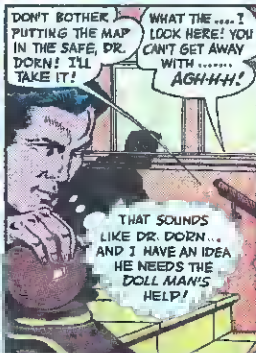
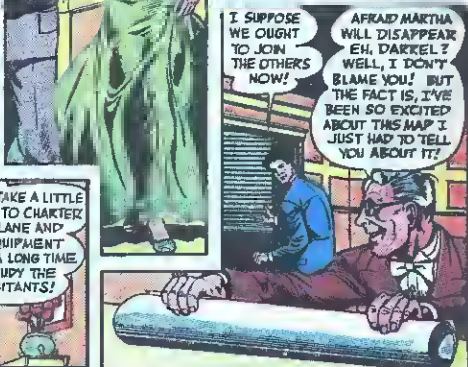
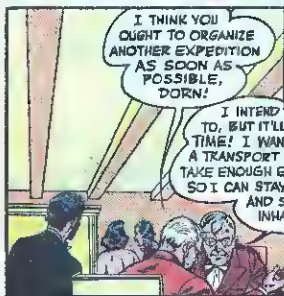
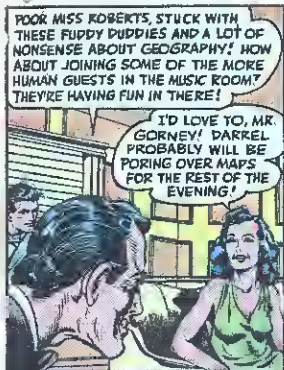


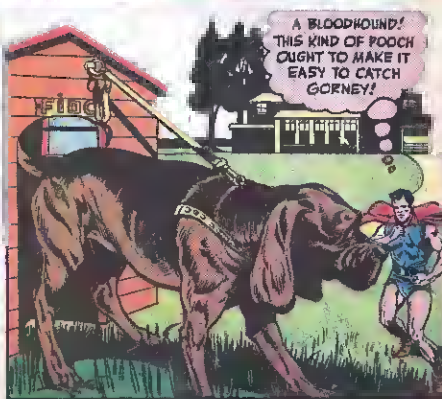
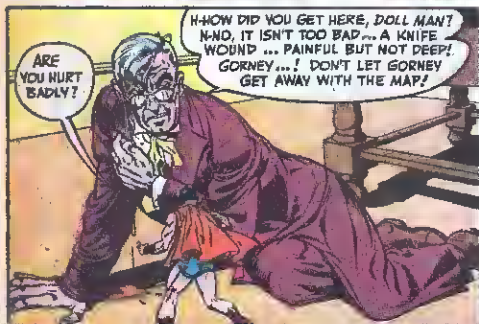
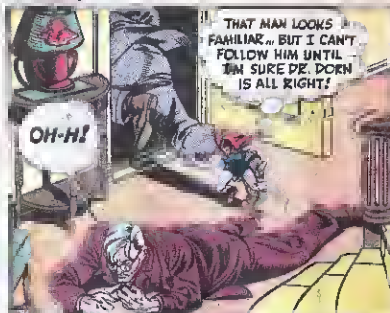
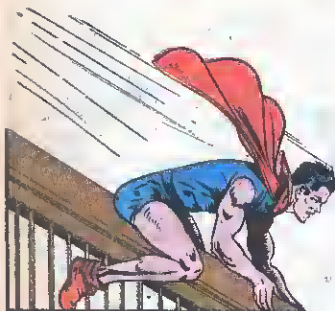
YES! KADE LEFT ME A LOT OF HIS POSSESSIONS WHICH HE NEVER SPOKE ABOUT! BUT I'M SURE THAT YEARS BEFORE I KNEW HIM, HE MUST HAVE MADE HIS WAY THROUGH THE SIRATUBA SWAMPS AND DRAWN THIS MAP IN ONE OF THE FEW UNKNOWN LANDS LEFT IN THE WORLD!

BUT SINCE I SAW SIGNS OF HUMAN LIFE, I KNOW THAT THE TERRAIN OF THE INNER AREA MUST BE VASTLY DIFFERENT AND THEREFORE IT COULD BE THE KIND OF COUNTRY FOR PLATINUM DEPOSITS!

TOO BAD DR. KADE DIDN'T TELL YOU MORE ABOUT IT BEFORE HE DIED!

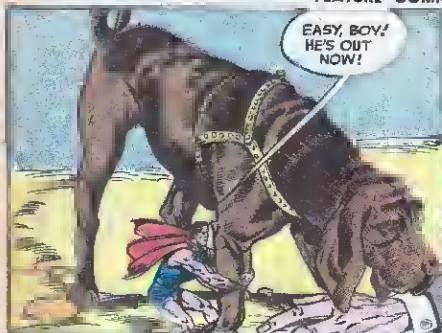




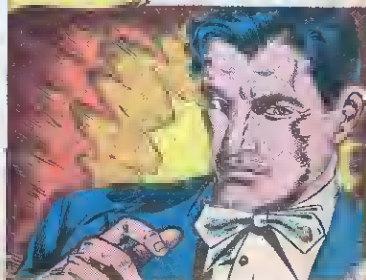


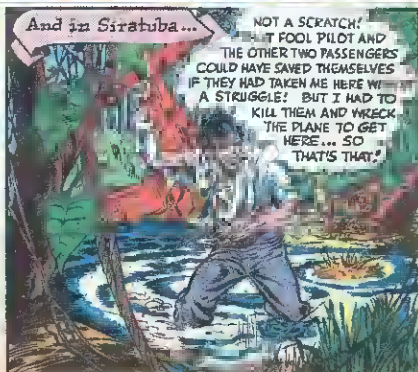
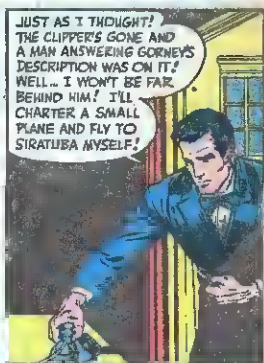
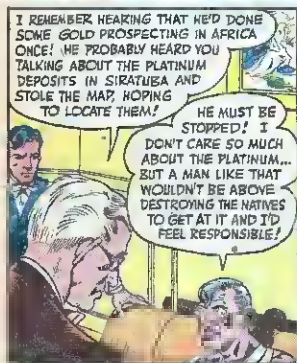
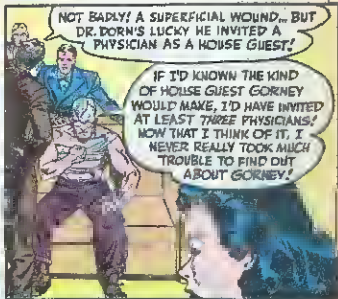
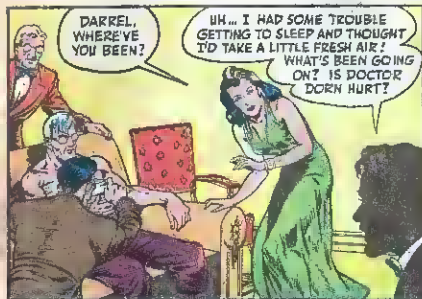


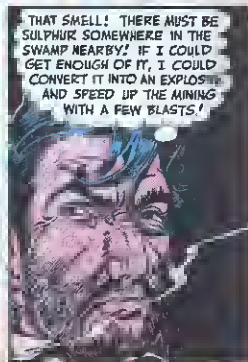
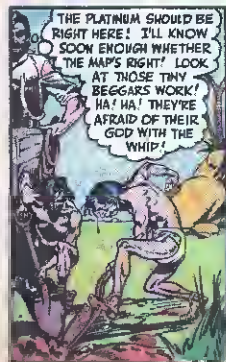
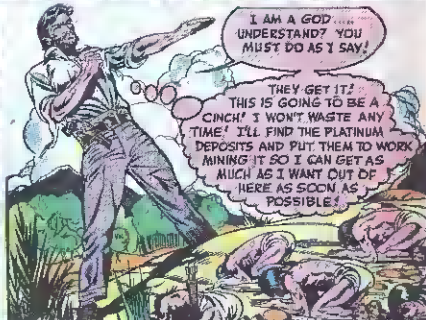
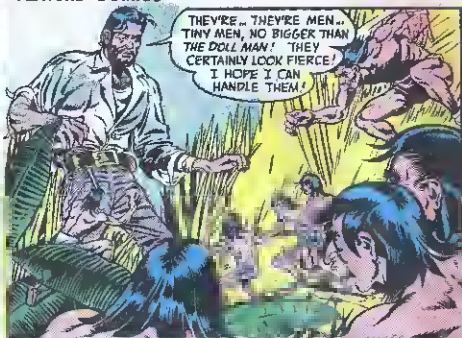
FEATURE COMICS

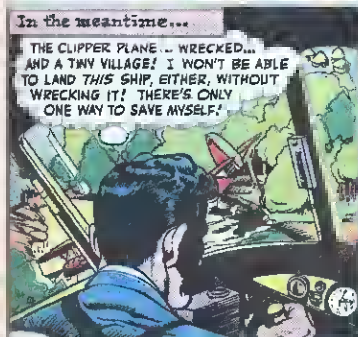


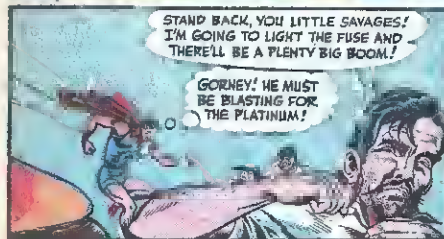
*The DOLL
MAN becomes
Daredevil Dane...*



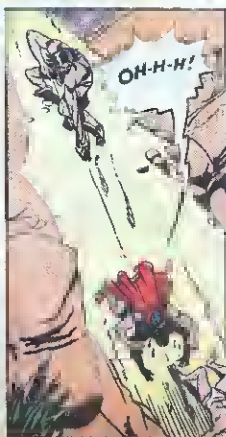
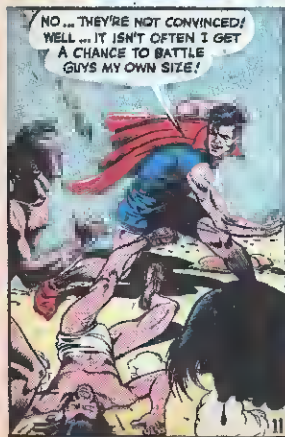
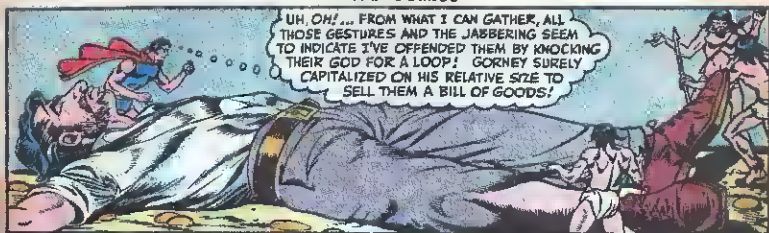




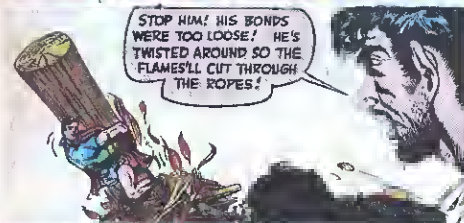




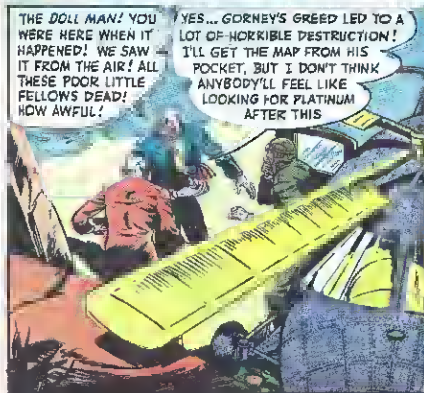
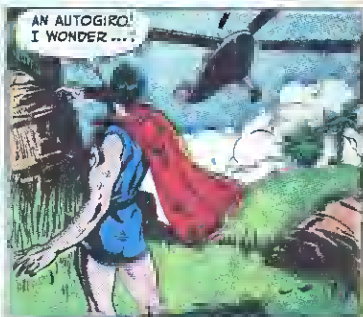
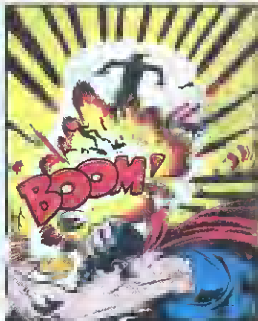
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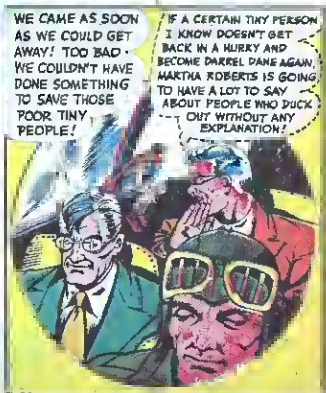
FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



YES... GORNEY'S GREED LED TO A LOT OF HORRIBLE DESTRUCTION! I'LL GET THE MAP FROM HIS POCKET, BUT I DON'T THINK ANYBODY'LL FEEL LIKE LOOKING FOR PLATINUM AFTER THIS



IF A CERTAIN TINY PERSON I KNOW DOESN'T GET BACK IN A HURRY AND BECOME DARREL DANE AGAIN, MARTHA ROBERTS IS GOING TO HAVE A LOT TO SAY ABOUT PEOPLE WHO DUCK OUT WITHOUT ANY EXPLANATION!

PERKY

WHYNCHA
C'M UP AN' SEE
ME SOMETIME,
BIG BOY?

TUT TUT,
MISS WORM!
YOU'RE JUST
HANDING ME
A LINE!

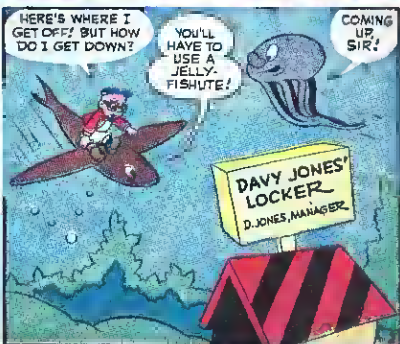
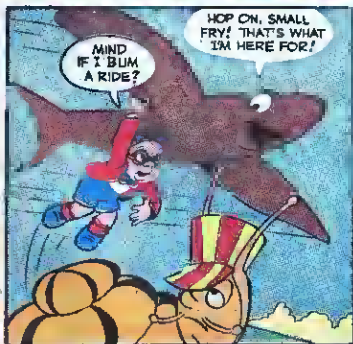
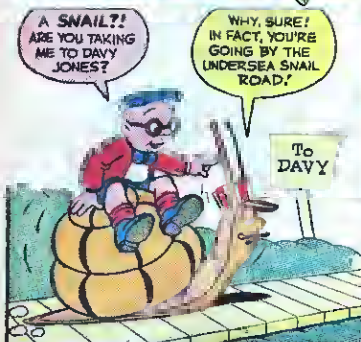
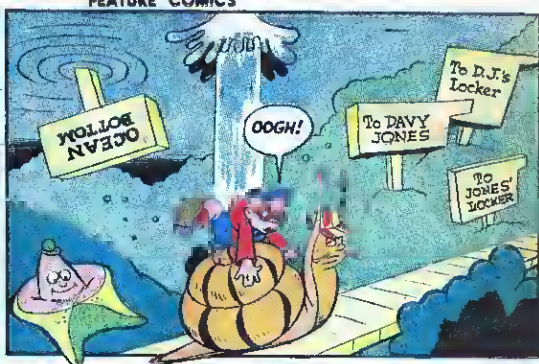
It started with an amateur magician's vanishing box at the vaudeville show. When Perky volunteered to step into it, he thought he might vanish, but he didn't know that every time that phony magician would pull the lever on the box, instead of coming back to *THIS* world, he'd go flying off to worlds that lie beyond! Watch him as he prepares to land!

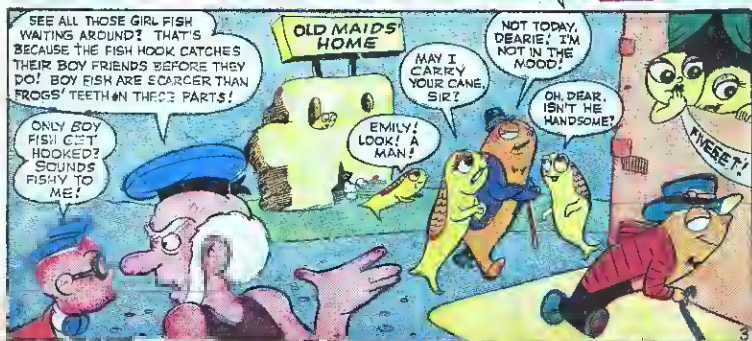
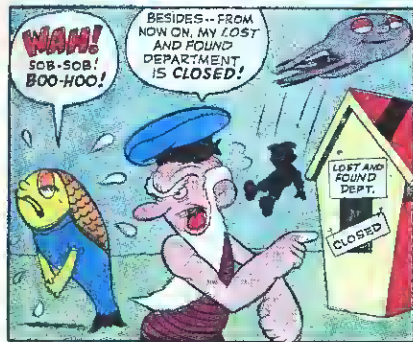
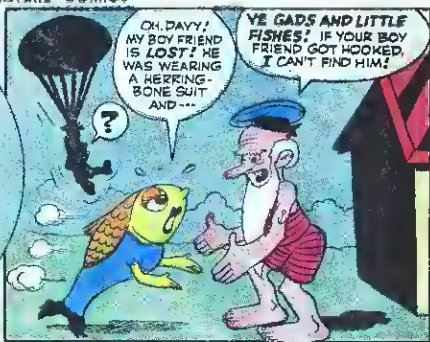
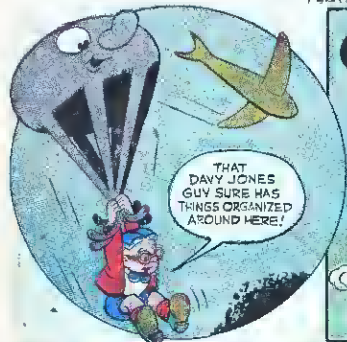
LAND?
ALL I SEE
IS WATER!

SPLASH!

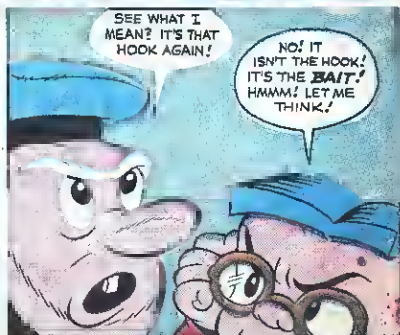
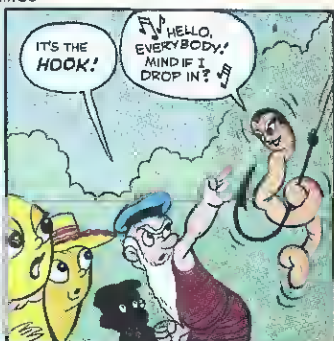


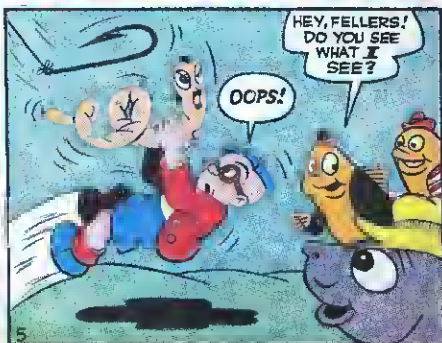
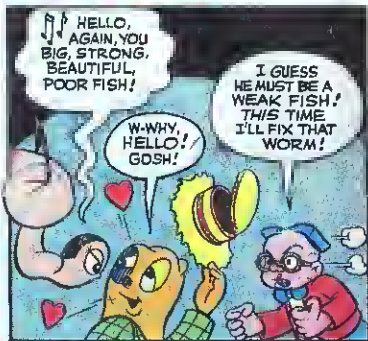
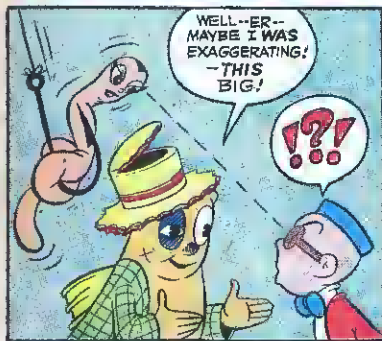
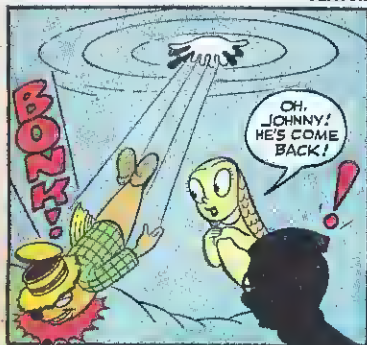
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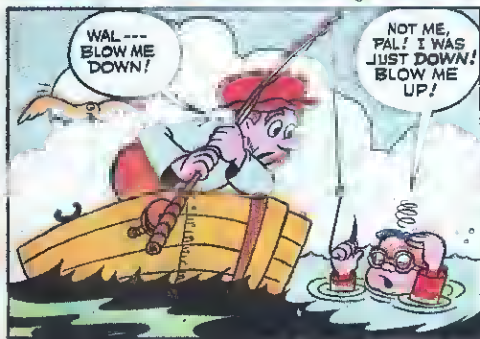
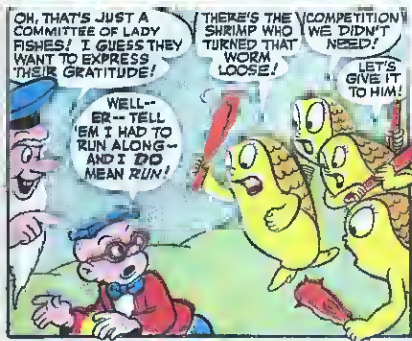
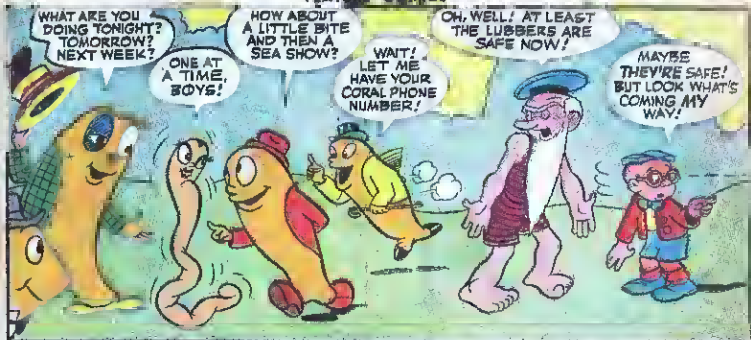


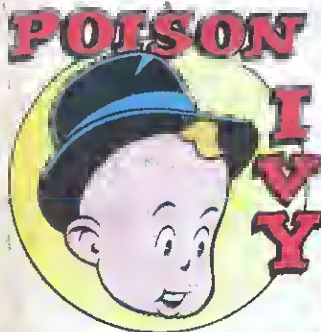
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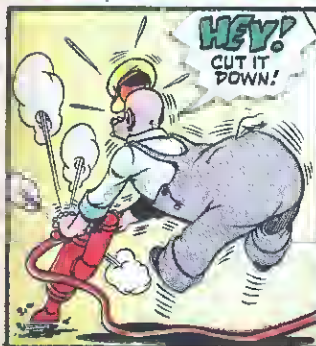
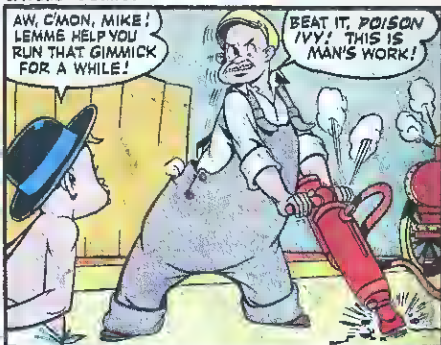


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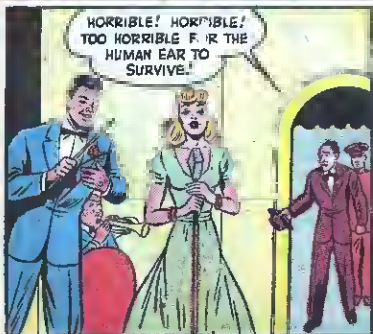


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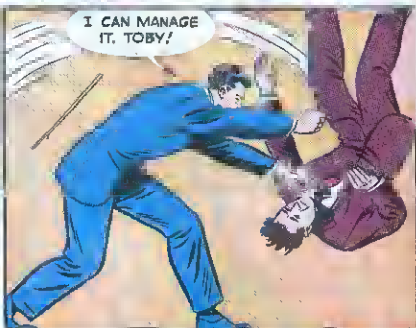
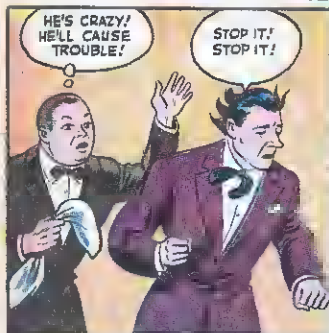


Swing Sisson

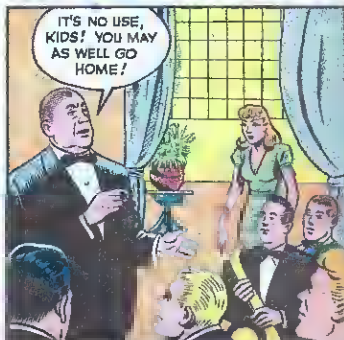
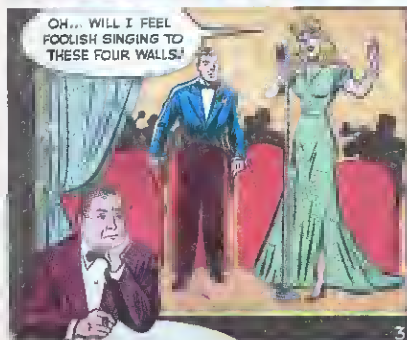
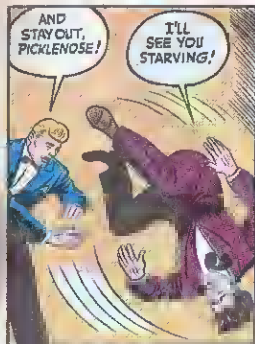
PICKLENOSE hated swing music and tried to run Swing Sisson's band out of business... But was that sufficient reason for **MURDER**?



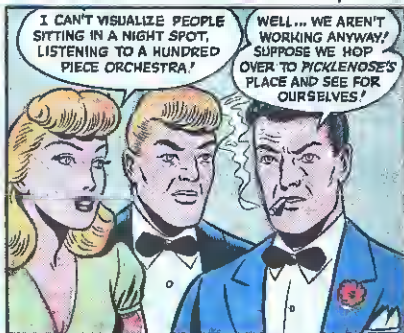
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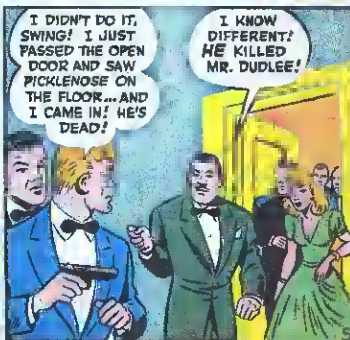
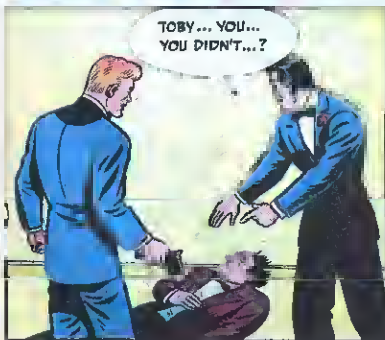
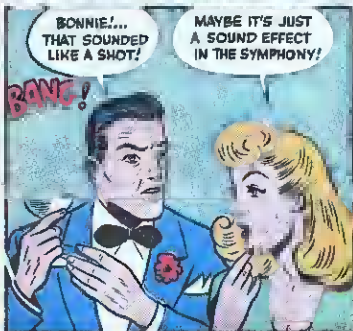
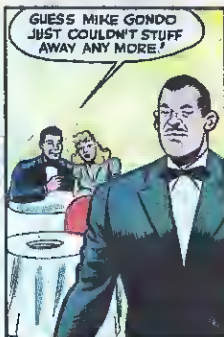
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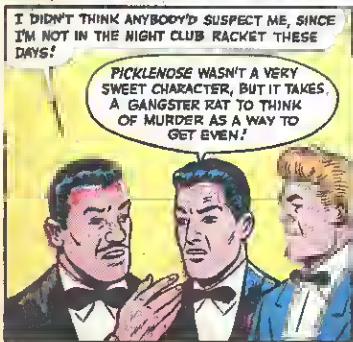
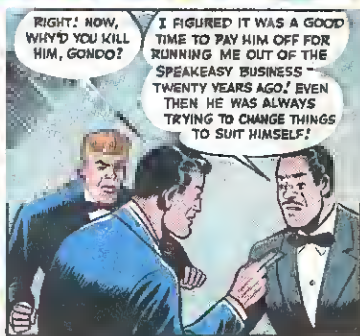
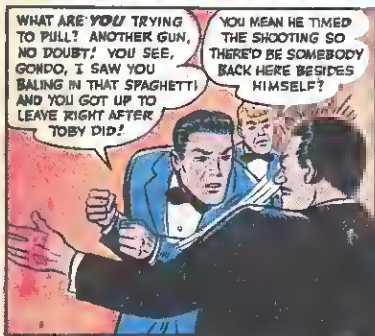
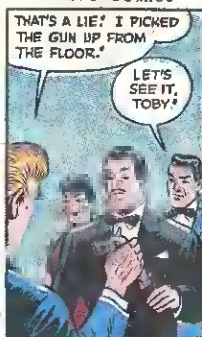
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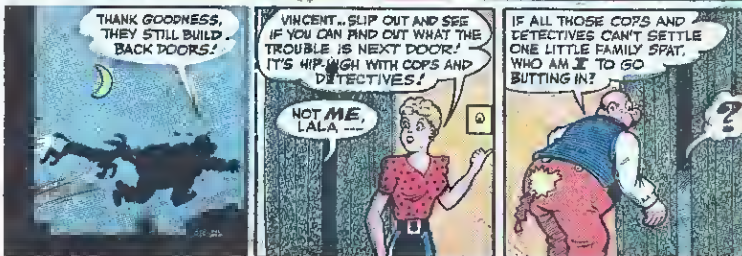
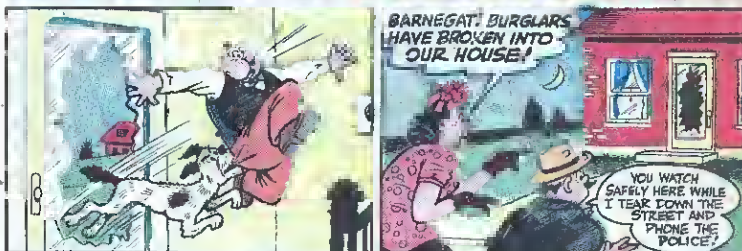
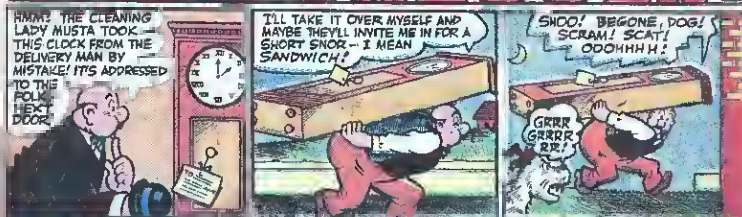
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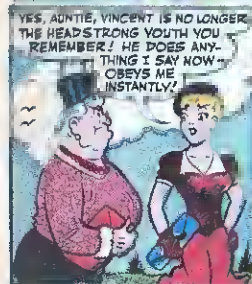
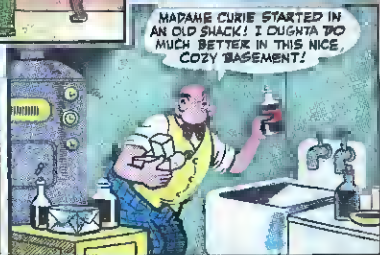
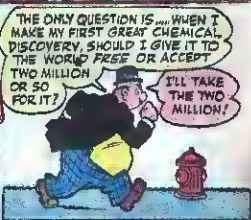
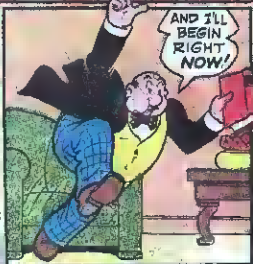
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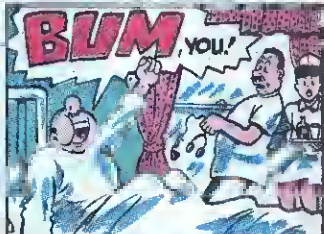
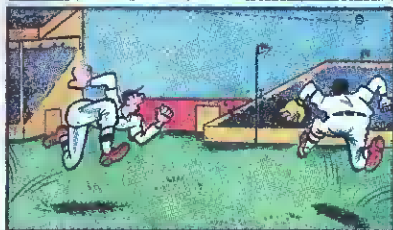
LALA PALOOZA by DIB



LALA PALOOZA



LALA PALOOZA

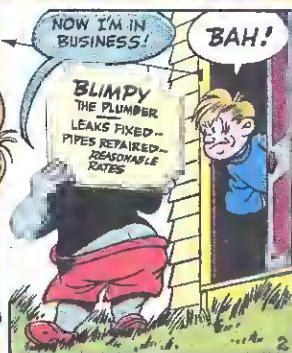
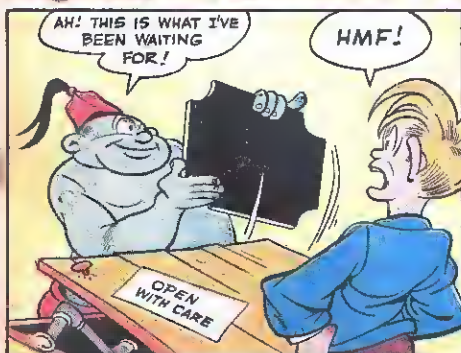
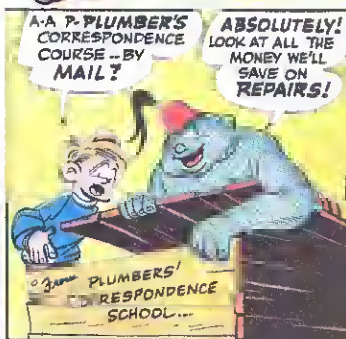
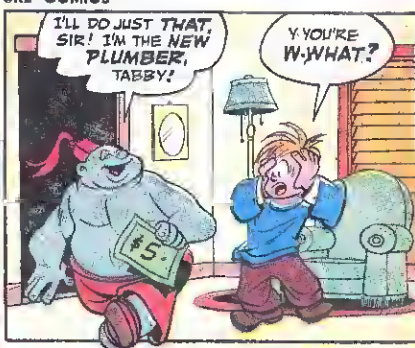


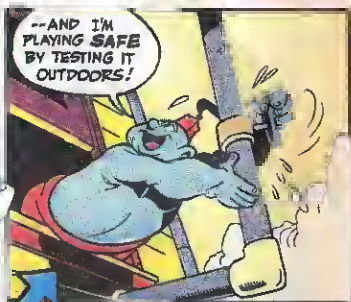
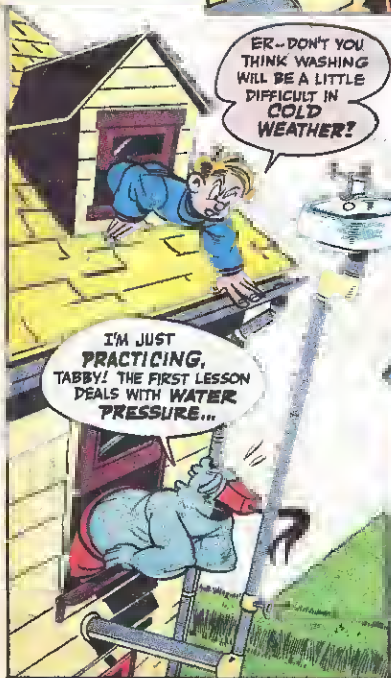
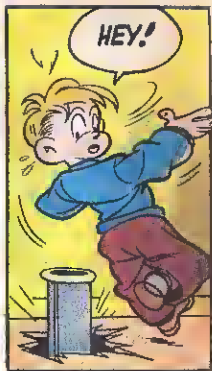
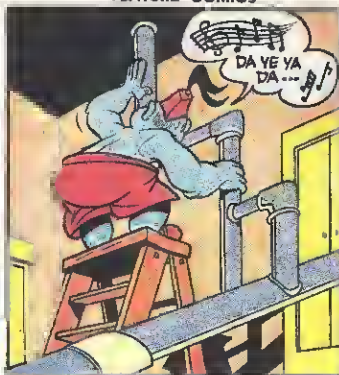
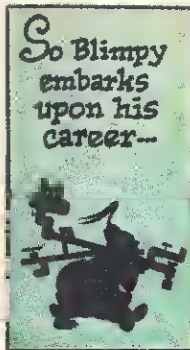
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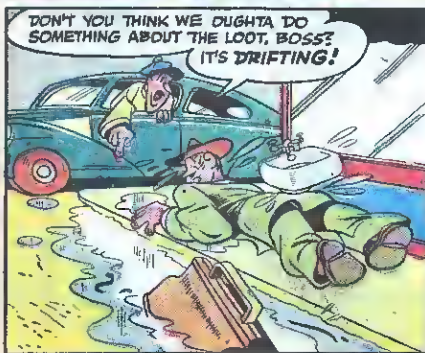
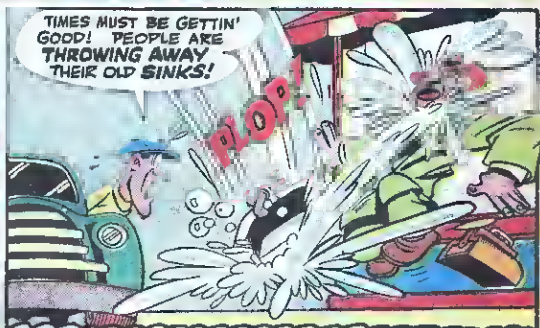
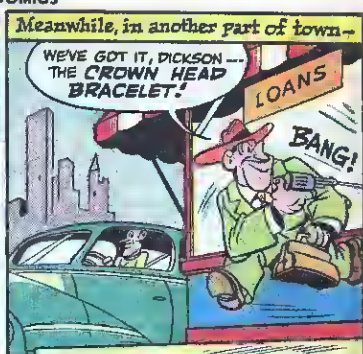
by AL STANLEY

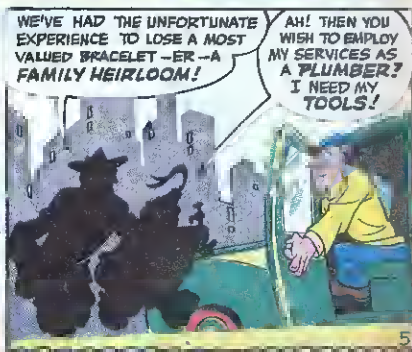
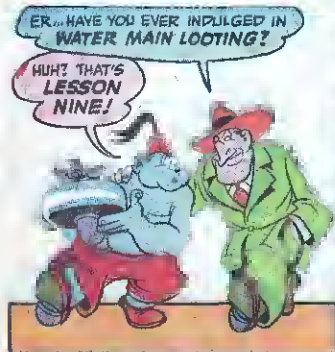


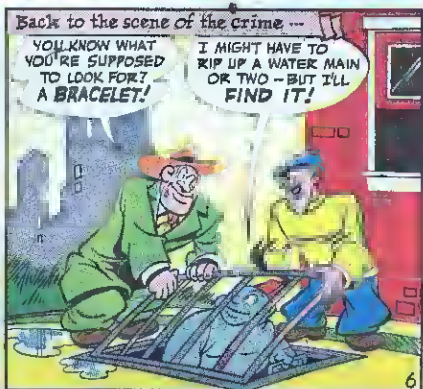
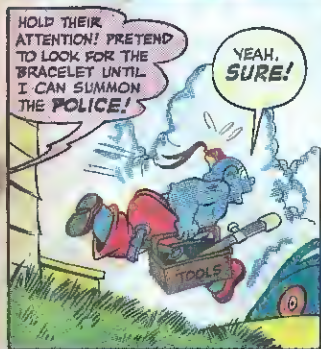
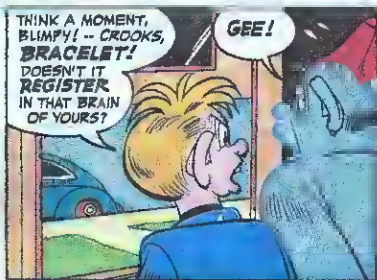
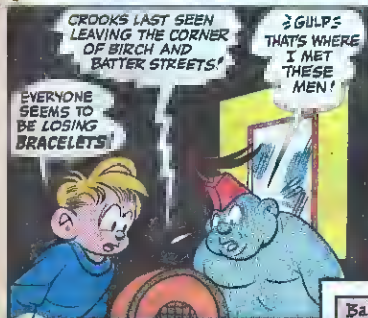
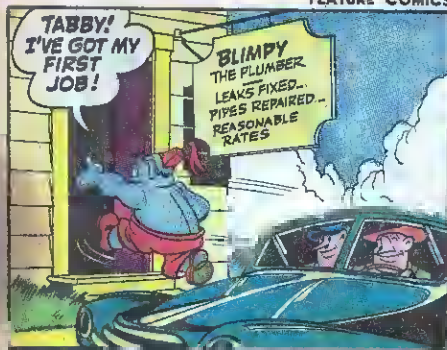
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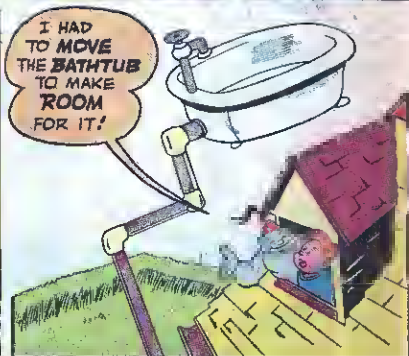
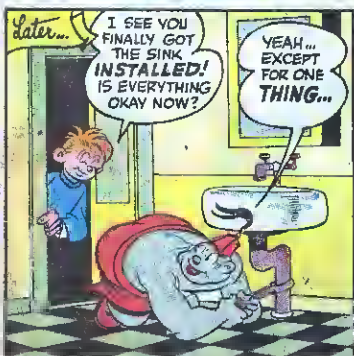
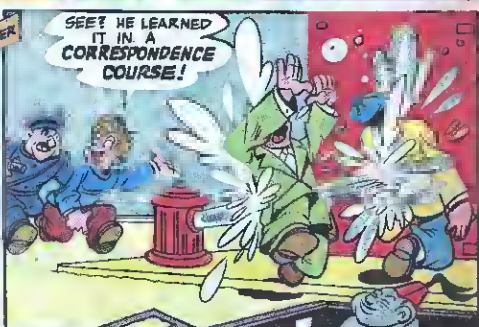
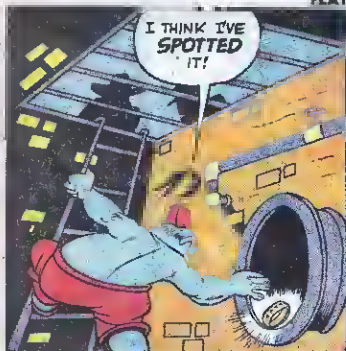








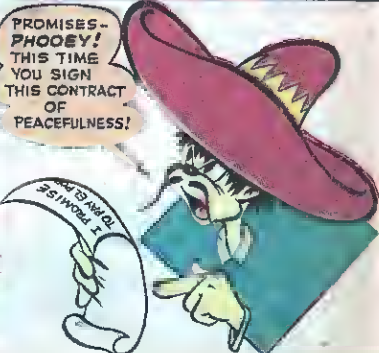
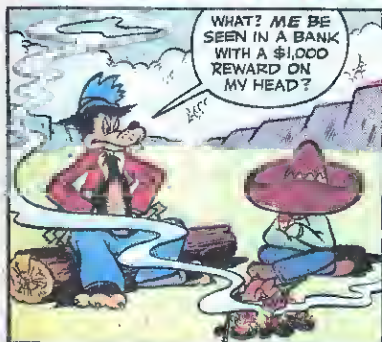




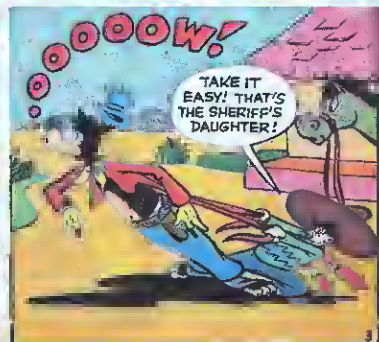
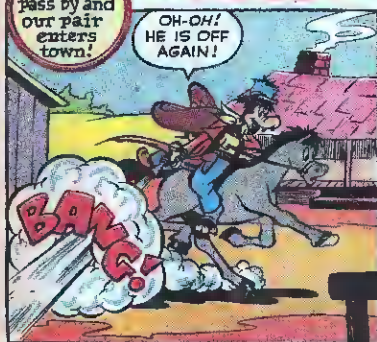
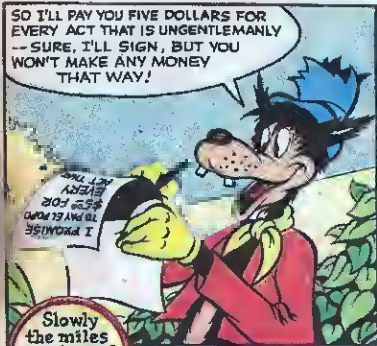
ROSCOE

YAAA
WHOOOO!

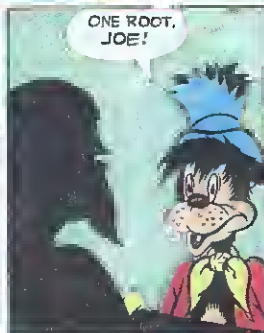




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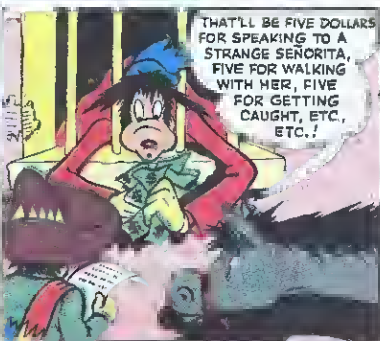
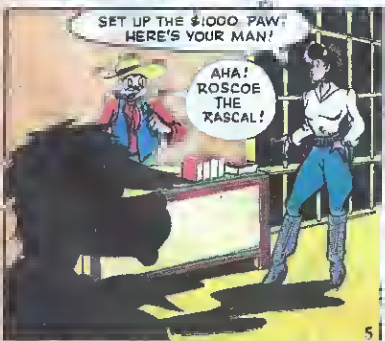
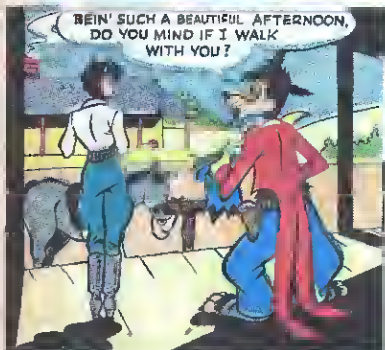
FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



OH, THANK YOU VERY MUCH!



Adventure in LA PAZ

FLYING fish cut the bow of the cutter *Sark* as she rounded the head of land athwart La Paz and stood off toward the bright-hued little town. La Paz is a place too few people visit. Maybe because it is so many miles south of our border, down in Baja California.

La Paz is a town of mystery, too. Because there in the golden hills rearing behind it, making the town seem like a vivid gem set in a dull gold mounting, have been enacted deeds of stirring-do.

Perry Scott knew something of the history of La Paz even before he brought his ship into its bay. But he wasn't prepared for anything like what he inadvertently bumped into. It was in the little cantina, Serapes Ochos, that he ran plunk into Señor Jiminez, who knows all there is to know about his own country, and can even stretch a point and tell you about such famous people as Simon Bolívar, South America's great Liberator. What there is to know about Mexico's Juárez, Señor Jiminez knows. But of all things he knows the story of William Walker.

Perry and his mate were eating tacos and frijoles at a small table in the corner of the cantina when a shadow fell across their plates. They looked up into the smiling countenance of Señor Jiminez.

"Buenos días!" greeted Jiminez, bowing and removing his huge colorful sombrero. "It is the pleasure, no? Wíz zée Amerícanos I am zer friend, yes! Welcome to La Paz, amigos!"

Scott shook hands with the little man and asked him to be seated. He called the waiter. Soon Señor Jiminez was eating and drinking with every manifestation of delight. When he had finished, he said with a bright smile, "Would the señors be interested in a great story—the tale of which I alone can tell?"

"Sure," said Perry. "What story is this, señor?"

"Ah!" Señor Jiminez breathed ecstatically and closed his eyes for a moment as if reliving the beautiful scenes. He pulled out his fat cheeks. "Come, mi amigos," he said, "To my apartado on the hill. There I shall regale you with zees great tale, yes?"

There was nothing pressing at the moment, so

Perry indicated their willingness to accompany Jiminez. He paid the bill, too, which was to be expected. A man with a great tale to tell is certainly not supposed to pay for luncheon!

Señor Jiminez' small house on the hill overlooking La Paz was a place of delight and garish color. He clapped his hands and a mestizo ran into the patio. The señor gave a quick order in soft Spanish.

"Now, gentlemen," he began, and it was noticeable that he forgot to feign his former strong accent. That accent business often caught unwary Northern tourists.

"My own noble grandfather was a member of the William Walker party," said Jiminez proudly. "And I tell it to you even as he told it to me when I was only a tiny one. Listen."

Walker was a hot-head (began Jiminez). Financed with "Bonds of the Republic of Lower California and Sonora" that sold like hotcakes in the waterfront dives of San Francisco during the gold rush, Walker recruited an army of some 50 men. He chartered the seamy old brig 'Caroline' and, with her running lights like murky fire-flies in the fog, he sailed down the California coast, rounded San José del Cabo, and "conquered" La Paz.

At that time—1853—La Paz was the queen city of the Mexican peninsula of Baja California.

Disembarking without opposition, he led his guerrillas through the friendly peninsular capital and raised his "flag" over the quartel: two stars on three stripes, two red enclosing a white. Next he bonned out a few prominentmentes that would do justice to a Hollywood screen thriller. He declared in force the Napoleonic code, the pro-slavery code of Louisiana—and collected "taxes."

The taxes consisted of mesquite faggots for the 'Caroline's' sleek kitchens and provisions for his "troops." Then he sailed back to Ensenada and established his "capital" within jumping distance of the United States Border.

Walker left his thumbprint on La Paz. On the day he re-embarked he ordered his men to fire into a crowd of onlookers. Seven were killed by

the musketry. What the good citizens of California's most delightful city thought about this grim business we can only guess, but it is a lesson in tolerance that they did not seize and kill every one of that band of freebooters.

Senior Jimenez paused and wiped the sweat from his brow. He puffed as if he had been running uphill.

"Is it not a tale for ears?" he gloated.

"But what's it all have to do with—" began Perry.

"Ah," cut in Jimenez grandiloquently. "If I may be excused to proceed, no? It is a tale for listening ears, is this, amigos!"

Perry waved a hand and nodded. Jimenez continued.

At that time the press liked to be lurid; it sold papers. And perhaps nowhere were there more lurid news writers than could be found in California. The San Francisco papers played up Walker's exploits, and more recruits flocked to his members of his ragtag army.

Henry P. Watkins, his business agent, and a boom land operator, arrived at Ensenada with a hundred men in the bark 'Anita,' all armed with everything from squirrel guns to buffalo guns. The arrival of reinforcements and the cash in Watkins' pockets called for a celebration.

Next day, to all the laylure that five sweating Illinois farm boys could coax out of two drums, two bugles and a fife, paramiac Walker held a "regimental review." Then he treated his new recruits to the *piece de resistance*.

In full view of his troops, the populace, and astonished visitors aboard the 'Anita,' he had two of his followers shot by a firing squad and two others cruelly flogged for insubordination on the Ensenada parade ground. A more cold-blooded rascal never lived.

After an insane "march" against Sonora which died in its tracks on the deadly Chino Desert below Mexicali, Walker made a stand at La Grulla, just below Ensenada, now the site of a splendid pleasure resort.

So long as Walker played "empire builders" and paid cash for his beef, Mexican ranchers watched the game and bided their time. On the day he ran out of money and began to steal Mexican cattle, he was doomed. They trapped him at La Grulla. Walker fought his way out, but he lost twenty men and had to snipe his way north. After a final

skirmish at Tijuana, he fled across the border and surrendered to Major McKinstry of the United States Army.

On a wink from Jefferson Davis, then proslavery Secretary of War, Walker wriggled out of his nose, developed plans for conquest farther south. He did all right in Nicaragua. Also in Costa Rica. But in Honduras it was different. They shot him. A staggering loss.

Perry Scott grinned. "Good end to a bad hombre, eh?"

Jimenez spread his hands deprecatingly. "Ah, but she is not finished, no. There is much, much more to the story, seniores!"

"Oh?" said Perry. "Well—"

Jimenez bounced to his feet. "Come," he said.

"You must accompany me in order to hear the rest of this so great tale." He started out of the patio, turning to see that his audience was under way. Like a fat little dog he waddled down the hill, pausing now and then to chuckle at some overly-burdened mule piled high with fire wood or melons going to market.

When Jimenez again reached the cantina, he hesitated, looking questioningly at his two friends.

After another "treat" in the shady interior of the cantina, Senior Jimenez led his compadres to the lower center of town and turned toward the waterfront.

After some minutes of dorkering with a slouchy dock man, Jimenez hired a small dury and invited his friends to board.

"Where away?" asked Perry.

"A short row only out into the bay," Jimenez said, taking his place on a thwart and lifting the oars.

Perry and his mate got in and sat down. Jimenez rowed for two hundred yards, then stopped the boat and pointed down. "Look!" he said.

They looked. The sun was bright on the water and the water was crystal clear. Far down, Perry at last made out the superstructure of a schooner.

"The 'Anita,'" said Senior Jimenez, beaming. "You see, seniores, they didn't shoot William Walker in Honduras, as the story goes. They shot his effigy in the square. Then they sent him back here in his own boat in chains. He rests there, still in his own ship."

"You mean," said Perry.

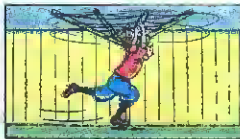
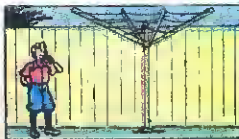
"My own grandfather, the alcalde, sank the boat with William Walker still on board, in chains!"

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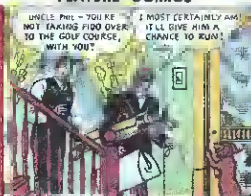


NIPPIE

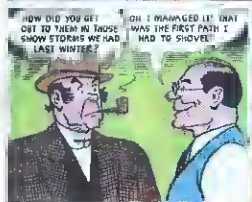
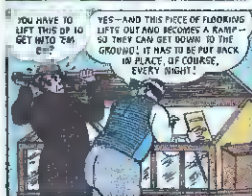
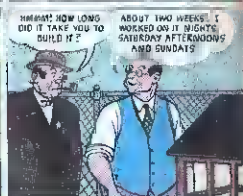
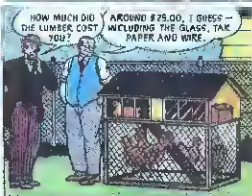
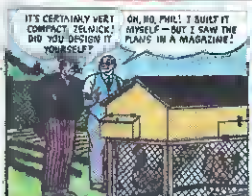
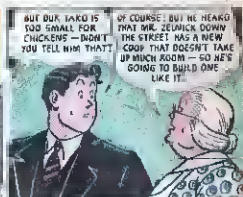
By Lank Leonard



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard



FEATURE COMICS

MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEDNARD

SUNNY IS GOING TO BE LATE FOR SUPPER AGAIN! I'M AFRAID WE SHOULDN'T HAVE LET HIM TAKE THAT NEWSPAPER ROUTE!

NONSENSE! I'LL DO HIM A LOT OF GOOD! IT'LL NOT ONLY MAKE HIM SMART BUT IT'LL TEACH HIM RESPONSIBILITY!

WHIT HELLO BUCKLEY—WHAT'S THE MATTER?

WHERE'S THAT MIT-WIT KID YOU'RE RAISING? HE FORGOT TO DELIVER MY PAPERS!

NOW JUST A MINUTE BUCKLEY—THE BOY IS NO MIT-WIT. THERE'S QUITE A WIND TONIGHT, MAYBE THEY WERE BLOWN AWAY!

BLOWN AWAY, NOTHING! I'VE LOOKED ALL OVER FOR 'EM! TELL HIM TO COME OUT HERE!

HE'S NOT HOME YET, BUCKLEY! BUT WHY BE SO EXCITED?—IF HE FORGOT, I'LL SEND HIM OVER WITH 'EM AS SOON AS HE COMES IN!

YOU NEEDN'T BOTHER FROM NOW ON, I'LL GET 'EM FROM SOME BOY THAT HAS BRAINS! GOOD NIGHT!

IT'S TOO BAD THAT IT HAD TO BE AN OLD PENNY-FANCER LIKE BUCKLEY, THAT HE FORGOT!

YEAH—THAT GUY IS SO MEAN HE EVEN HATES HIMSELF!

HERE COMES GUNNY NOW!

BUT I DO DELIVER MR. BUCKLEY'S PAPERS UNCLE PAUL! I PUT THEM UNDER THE MAT ON HIS PORCH!

UNDER THE MAT?

SURE—SO THEY WOULDN'T BLOW AWAY!

THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW!



AH!

MR. BUCKLEY! ARE YOU SURE YOU LOOKED EVERYWHERE FOR THOSE PAPERS?

LISTEN, STUPID! I SAID I DID, DIDN'T I?

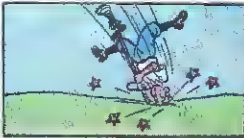
WELL, DON'T GIVE UP—YOU'RE GETTING WARM!

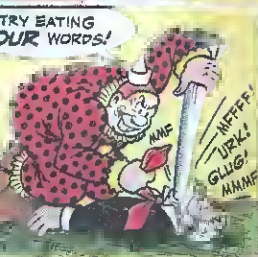
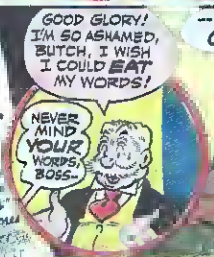
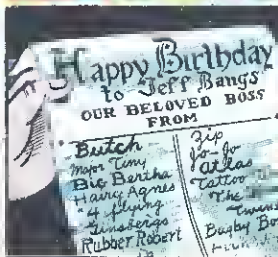
NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard

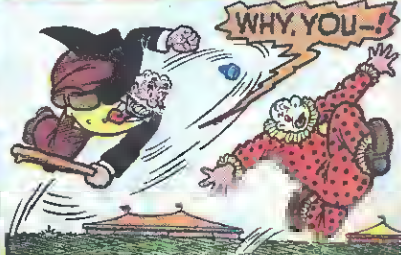
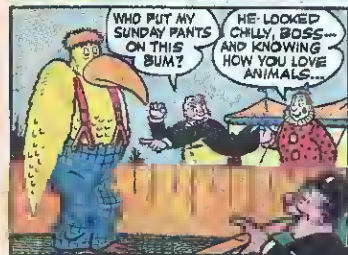
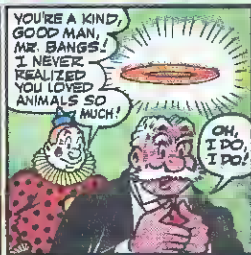
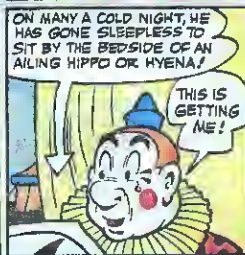
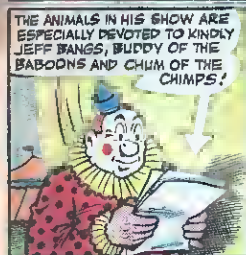
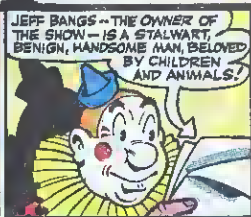
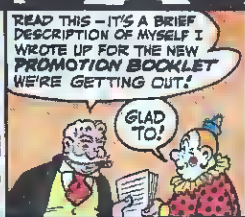
IT MAY BE A LITTLE TOO FRINGY, NIPPIE!

OH, NO! I CAN CONTROL THAT, DON'T WORRY.





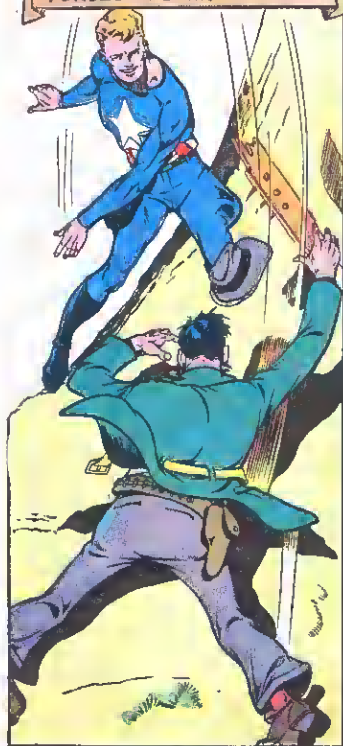
BIG TOP



Rusty RYAN

and The BOYVILLE BRIGADIERS

Whats the younger generation coming to ??? Rusty Ryan and his BOYVILLE BRIGADIERS are a grim YOUTH problem - TO THE FORCES OF EVIL!



CLAM CHOWDER
ALMOST READY,
ALABAMA?
IT'LL BE
WELCOME!

MISTAH RUSTY-
SUMPIN' TELLS
ME WE AIN'T
WELCOME!



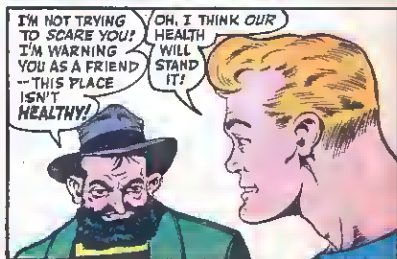
DON'T YOU SEE THAT
SIGN AT THE
HIGH-TIDE
MARK?

BUT WE'RE ON LOW-TIDE
BEACH -- REALLY THE SEA
BOTTOM! CAN'T WE
STAY WITHOUT GIVING
TROUBLE?

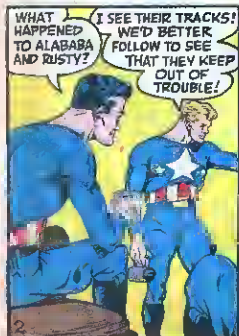


I'M NOT TRYING
TO SCARE YOU!
I'M WARNING
YOU AS A FRIEND
-- THIS PLACE
ISN'T
HEALTHY!

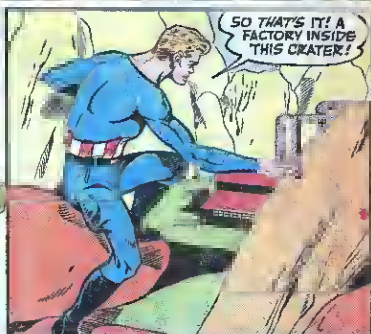
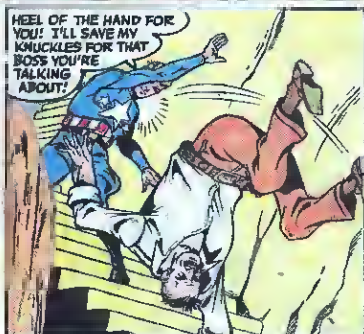
OH, I THINK OUR
HEALTH
WILL
STAND
IT!



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS

A CLUNSY LIE! WE BUILT OUR
FOUNDRY HERE TO PERFECT AND
MANUFACTURE OUR NEW ALLOY—
WORTH A TREMENDOUS FORTUNE!
ONE OF OUR COMPETITORS
FOUND OUT AND SENT YOU
TO SMELL OUT THE
FORMULA!



I'D ORDER YOUR
DEATH RIGHT NOW
BUT I'M GOING TO
MAKE YOU TELL ME
WHO YOUR
EMPLOYER
IS!



KILLING THESE
JERKS WOULD
BE A PLEASURE,
BOSS!



LOCK THEM UP IN THE
STOREHOUSE! I'LL GIVE
THEM ONE HOUR TO DECIDE
TO TALK! AND I'LL SPEND
THAT HOUR IN DECIDING
WHAT TO DO IF
THEY DON'T!



HMM—CLEVER PAIR—SIMULATE
IGNORANCE LIKE MASTER ACTORS!
THEY'LL BE HARD TO FORCE INTO
TELLING THE
TRUTH!



THEY ARE TELLING
THE TRUTH! THEY
CAME HERE BY
CHANCE AND THEY DON'T
KNOW OR CARE ABOUT
YOUR SECRET FORMULA
AND FORTUNES!



NONSENSE, YOUNG
MAN! I CAN TELL
SPIES WHEN I
SEE THEM!
I—

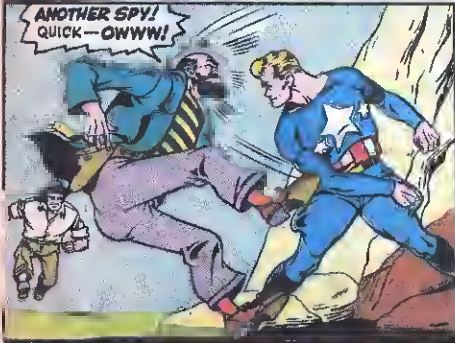


WAIT! YOU'RE
ONE OF THAT
BUNCH I ORDERED
OFF THE
BEACH!

BUT WE'RE
NOT TAKING
ORDERS
FROM
YOU!



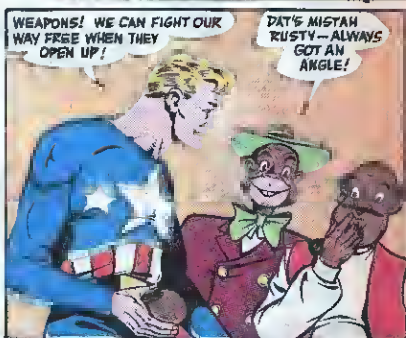
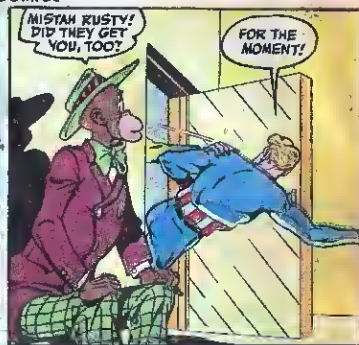
ANOTHER SPY!
QUICK—OWWW!



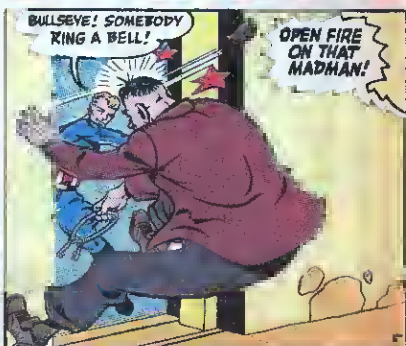
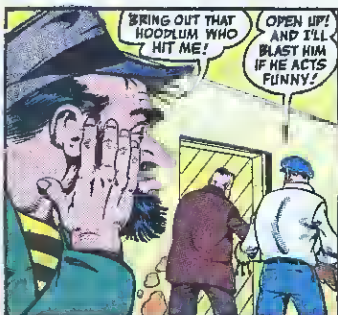
YOU MINOR EMPLOYEES
BETTER ASK FOR A
BONUS ON THIS
KIND OF WORK!

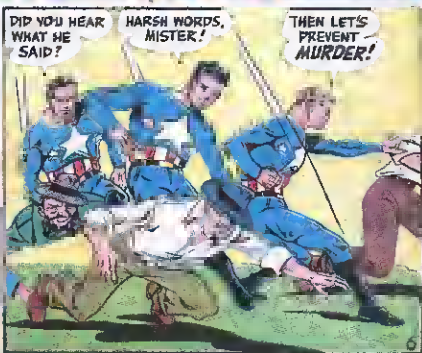
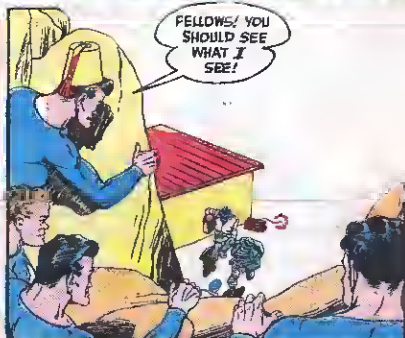


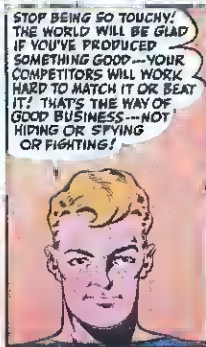
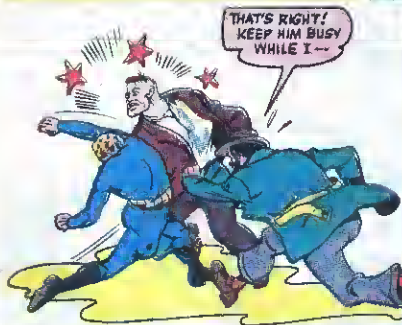
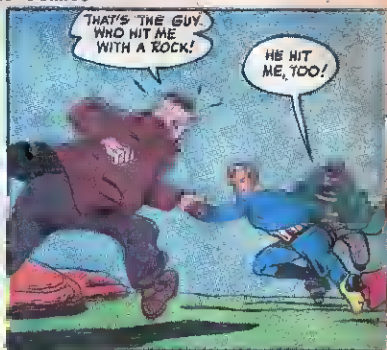
FEATURE COMICS



Soon... after THE BOSS has recovered ...







The Insult "CHUMP" Into a CHAMP



—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

I Can Make YOU A New Man, Too in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

HAVE YOU ever felt like Joe—shakety legs up with having bigger bodkins? Let's "push you around"? If you have, then this too just 15 minutes a day! I'LL PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality!

"Dynamic Tension!" That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a scrawny, 67-pound weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It! Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle. It releases your chest, loosens up your back, all out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

You Get Results FAST
Almost before you realize it, you will notice a general "tuning up" of your entire system! You will have more pep, brighter eyes, clear

head, rest easier and tip in your sleep. For get pledge-buster! With a battering ram punch—chest and back muscles so big they almost split your coat seams—ridges of solid stomach muscle—mighty legs that never get tired! You're a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my revolutionary system. Read what they say—see how they look before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension" shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings to top Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU! Don't put it off! Address me personally, Charles Atlas, Department 330H, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, New York.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330H
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthier, luckier body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....
(Please print or write clearly)

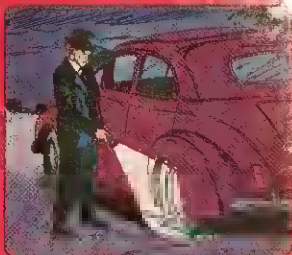
Address.....

City.....

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A

How to CHANGE A TIRE AT NIGHT...

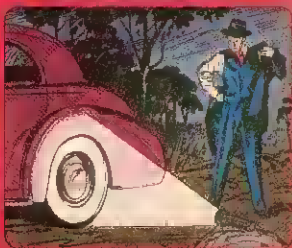
More Quickly—More Safely!



1 Most any motorist can change a tire. But few can change it at night with up speed, efficiency—and a *dash*! Night-time tire-changing can be hazardous—but your "Eveready" flashlight can reduce the danger. First principle, say: the American Automobile Association, is



2 Pull off the highway, if you can possibly do so. Next best place is on a straight stretch of road where you can be seen for at least 500 feet. If you must park on a curve, a light should be set on the road some distance back. Be sure neither you nor a bystander blocks off the view of your tail light!



3 Keep all tools in exchanging tools tied or boxed together, where you can find them up without searching or fumbling. Remove your spare *before* jacking up the car—removing it later might push your car off the jack. If alone, set flashlight on a more convenient position.

4 In your car or at home—wherever you need a flashlight—rely only on "Eveready" batteries. Ask for them by name. For "Eveready" batteries have no equals... that's why you'll find them in *more* flashlights than any other battery in the world!

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30 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

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EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK



For
EXTRA POWER,
EXTRA LIGHT
—AT NO
EXTRA COST